VOL. VIII. NUMB. 570.

The SPECTATOR.

------ Nugæque canoræ. Hor.

WEDNESDAY, *July* 21. 1714.

THERE is ſcarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honeſt Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of diſtinguiſhing himſelf, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I ſhall here confine my ſelf to that petty kind of Ambition, by which ſome Men grow eminent for odd Accompliſhments and trivial Performances. How many are there whoſe whole Reputation depends upon a Punn or a Quibble? You may often ſee an Artiſt in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Poſture. Ambition has taught ſome to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themſelves through a Hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeó ſunt multa, loquacem
Delaſſare valent Fabium------

I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Maſter of the Houſe accommodating us himſelf with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a Diſcourſe with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who ſhall be nameleſs, he told me, That he had ſometimes the Honour *to treat him with a Whiſtle*; (adding by the way of Parentheſis) For you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I whiſtle the beſt of any Man in *Europe*. This naturally put me upon deſiring him to give us a Sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Caſe-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a muſical Inſtrument, and entertained me with an Italian Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tobacco-Pipes; and after having ſlid the ſmall End of them over the Table in a moſt melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whiſtling to them at the ſame time in Conſort. In ſhort, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Muſical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoſo; who confeſſed to me ingeniouſly, he had broke ſuch Quantities of them, that he had almoſt broke himſelf before he had brought this Piece of Muſick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, ſaying, That he would provide himſelf with a new Frying-Pan againſt that Day. I replied, That it was no Matter; Roaſt and Boiled would ſerve our Turn. He ſmiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Deſign to give us a Tune upon it. As I was ſurpriſed at ſuch a Promiſe, he ſent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whiſtled to it in ſuch a melodious Manner, that you could ſcarce diſtinguiſh it from a Baſe-Viol. He then

(Price Two-Pence.)

then took his Seat with us at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himſelf, he told him if he would ſing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Baſe, he choſe rather to ſing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they made up a moſt extraordinary Conſort. Finding our Landlord ſo great a Proficient in Kitchen-Muſick, I asked him if he was Maſter of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down ſome Years ſince, as a little unfaſhionable; but that if I pleaſed he would give me a Leſſon upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compaſs of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleaſed with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be ſhort, I found that his whole Kitchen was furniſhed with muſical Inſtruments; and could not but look upon this Artiſt as a kind of Burleſque Muſician.

He afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of ſeveral Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toaſted our Miſtreſſes to the Nightingale, when all of a ſudden we were ſurpriſed with the Muſick of the Thruſh. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very eaſy and regular Deſcent. He then contracted his Whiſtle to the Voice of ſeveral Birds of the ſmalleſt Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you looked upon him, and a Tom Tit when you ſhut your Eyes. I muſt not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accompliſhed Perſon was formerly the Maſter of a Toy-ſhop near *Temple-Bar*; and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Muſick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deſerves their Favour, and may afford them great Diverſion over a Bottle of Wine, which he ſells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

In the laſt Paper, Col. 3. *Line* 36. *for* Cyrus *read* Syrus.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Brook's neat natural Wines are ſold in Freeman's Yard Cornhill, viz Porte 17 d. per Quart, Mountain and Canary at 21 d. and French Wine at 2 s. 3 d. per Quart. And at the Bumper Tavern in James-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, and at Vaults under the Corner Houſe in Park-Place in St. James's Street, Port Wine 18 d. per Quart, Canary, Mountain, Rhenish, and Calcavella 2 s. per Quart, French Wine, red and white, 2 s. 3 d. and Malmſy 2 s. 6 d. per Quart. Note, At the two laſt mentioned Places is alſo ſold the beſt French Wine imported in Flaſks, at 4 s. 6 d. per Flask, and Pontack 3 s. per Quart.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed,

An Account of Switzerland, written in the Year 1714. By Abraham Stanyan, Eſq; Her Majeſty's late Envoy there. Printed for J. Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine Street in the Strand.

This Day is publiſhed,

The Muſick Speech, ſpoken at the publick Commencement in Cambridge July the 6th, 1714. By Roger Long, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall. Printed for John Morphew near Stationers Hall, and Cor. Crownfield in Cambridge.

The Incomparable Powder for cleaning the Teeth, which has given ſo great Satisfaction to moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in England. Sold only at Mr. Halſey's, Bookſeller, in St. Michael's Church Porch in Cornhill, and at Mr. Markham's Toy-ſhop at the 7 Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleetſtreet. It at once uſing makes the Teeth as white as Ivory, tho' never ſo black or Yellow, and effectually preſerves them from Rotting or Decaying, continuing them Sound to exceeding Old Age. It wonderfully cures the Scurvy in the Gums, prevents Rheum or Defluxions, kills Worms at the Roots of the Teeth, and thereby hinders the Tooth-Ach. It admirably faſtens looſe Teeth, being a neat cleanly Medicine, of a pleaſant and grateful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box. At the ſame Place is ſold, the highly eſteem'd Lip-ſalve for Ladies, &c. of a charming and delightful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box.

Cephalic Tincture,

So long celebrated for curing Convulſions, Apoplexies, Palſies, Head-Pains, Vapours, and all Nervous Diſtempers Infants Fits inſtantly, though hereditarily mortal to whole Families before, as was experienced by Mr. Lane's Child at the Woolſ-Pack in Cannon-ſtreet, and two Children of 'Squire Brace's in Weſtminſter, and other numberleſs Teſtimonies. It is of admirable Uſe to refine the Blood to a due Circulation, to free it from Stagnation, and ſudden Death, fit for hard Drinkers and thoſe that uſe little Exerciſe. It is ſold in 5 Shilling and Half-Crown Bottles, with a Book of its Vertues and Directions, from Markham's under St. Dunſtan's Church, and Allcroft's in Corn-hill, Toyſhops, and no where elſe.

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